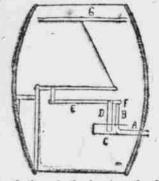


AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

FOR WATERING HOGS. A Good Way of Running Water from a

This is the plan of a home-made hog water which costs little or nothing. It is to run the water from a tank or artesian well. Take a strong barrel (a kerosene barrel is the best) and bore a hole below the middle. Then put a 1-inch gas pipe, A, into it, letting it project into the barrel about 5 inches. Put in an elbow and a piece of pipe 6 inches long, B. Take a piece of 2 by 4, C, 8 inches long and bore 24-inch holes 2% inches apart. In one insert a piece of 2 by 2. D. 5 inches long. In the top of this make a slot 11/4 inches long and 34 inch wide. Next take a stick 16 inches long, E, 1/2 inch thick and 1 inch wide. Bore two holes in this, one in the end and the other 314 inches back. Put this in the slot in the 2 by 2 piece. Bore a hole through this and put a pin



through them both, leaving the short end next to the other hole in the 3 by Drive the 2 by 4 on the pipe and then take a piece 2 by 2 and make a slot 21/2 inches deep. Bore a hole in the slot and put a pin through it and the hole in the end of the lever. Fasten a round piece of rubber. F. on the block, 2 inches in diameter, to fit over the top of the pipe. Fix the other lever to the barrel as shown in the cut and fasten the two together with a good leather string, G. The float is a large board. When the hogs drink the water down the lever falls and the water runs in. This raises the float and the lever shuts off the water. The top of the barrel is covered with boards and the holes made just large enough for the hogs to get their noses in .- Frank Wiggins, in Farm and Home.

THE CARE OF BEES.

The Best Winter Protection Is to Reep the Hives in a Cellar.

The laws of nature are of universal application. Animals cannot live without a certain amount of heat, which is commonly called the vital heat. And this is derived from the food. Hence, when an animal is exposed to unusual cold it must use a larger quantity of food. This applies all the same to mankind, to farm animals of all kinds and to insects. Those animals, as fish, however, which have cold blood, do not come in this category. And this fact, wiz, that food is consumed to produce warmth, and that warmth is necessary to the life of an animal is to be considered ered in the winter management of bees. Thus, when the bees are kept warm they will consume the least amount of food, and, as the food is a valuable and salable product, it follows that for the most profit in bee-keeping the bees must be kept as warm as may be consistent with healthfulness. There are many contrivances for this purpose. There are the chaff hives, so made that a space around the hive is packed with cut straw, as a protection against the cold, or rather as a means of retaining the heat of the hive. Another means of protection is to pack the space around the hives in the covered stand with sheaves of straw. But the best method is to winter the bees in a cellar in which the temperature may be kept at such - point as will keep the bees comfactable without exciting them to nesion. Every motion of any animal is accompanied by an expenditure of heat. and to prevent this loss, which represents exactly so much honey used as food, and so much money, too, the beer must be kept as nearly in a dormant state as may be and perfectly quiet. This even low temperature is most easfly maintained in a suitable cellar. It must be dry, and this is exceedingly important, for the health of the bees depends upon it. And another essential is that there must be ample ventilation. Small vermin also must be excluded. The temperature should be not less than forty degrees and not more than fifty degrees. - Troy (N. Y.)

He Didn't Negotiate.

"What do you mean by coming around here now?" said the woman to the tramp who appeared at the kitchen "You haven't half finished that pile of wood I gave you to split."

"I know it, ma'am," was the reply: "but I came to see if you won' 'n't cash these few chips in advance."-Judge.

Harry-I suppose you know that Jessie was born with a silver spoon in her mouth? Jack-Yes; and I suspect that isn't the

worst of it. Harry-What do you suspect?

Jack-That it was an ice cream spoon.-Puck.

Effect and Cause.

Mrs. Trotter-Oh, Henry, do throw away that cigar. It is something august (After a pause.) Do you know that Mrs. Barlow saves money for her,husband by buying his cigars? Trotter (grimly)-I thought as much

-this is a cigar that Barlow gave me .-

When Baby was sick, we gave her Casteria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Custoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE FLAG THAT CHEERED.

Gibraltar rose dark and th esun's disc burner Like a far gate of Heaven with banners aglow, And red o'er the Pillars of Herbules biazed
The Sinr of the Pillars of old, as we gazed.
And swift the breeze freshened, and deep
boomed the gut.
And the ships of the nations swept by, one by

The Red Cross of England, the Tricolor proud, And the dark German Engles is billows of Then the Flag of the Stars from the Western

waves came
And passed in review by the old flags of fame.
"Why are the ships shouting?" Our feet forward pressod .-"Tis the em

the emigrants cheering "-Which flag"
"Of the West."
The Cross of St. George
Floated free o'er the main,

The black German Euglea.
The Lions of Spain.
And the flags of all seas
In the bright Straits appeared. But, oh, 'twas my own flag

emigrant mothers their gladdened eyes emories wove of the past as they gazed. And their thin hands they waved 'neath the lone Afric Star,
And greeted the flag of the new lands afar,

Then the emigrant children laughed out with As their eyes caught the light of the Fing of the West. Laugh on Attie ones, in your star-lighted way, To the Lukes of the States and the Georgian

the Flag of your birthright the sea

birds are veering, Tie for you, not themselves, the old mothers

are cheering.
The Red Cross of St George
Waves free o'r the main,
The Gullio Tricolor. The Lions of Spain,

The children's hands cheer! Young Romans were there, of the Eagles of Strong Charlemagne's sons, of the helmets of

gold.
The heirs of the heroes of world-making wars, Passed outward that hour in the night march

All thought of the friends to their bosoms most Of the hearts of the Old World that beat in Of the world wenry struggles of peoples op-

Of the Kingdom of God in the Suns of the The Cross of St. George Passed them by on the main The dark German Eagles,

The Lions of Spain, Off Trafalgar's waters
The last flag appeared,
But mine was the last flag That the emigrants cheered.

That some at Gibraltar in mind lingers yet, That eve Andalusian what heart could forget, And where'er I may roam through the nightfall of years.

My heart will r-echo the emigrant's obsers. soldler forget the last roll of the

Or the wanderer the song of his mother as Or the patriot his vision of duty sublime As seen on the towers of the summit of time?

I still see the eagles That swept o'er the main. The leonine banners Of England and Spain,

The African star-light, The gray fortress crest. And the emigrants cheering

No voice of the bugle, no war-rolling drum, Disturbs the sweet peace of my roof tree of

home, But the anthem of liberty gladdens the main, And the chorus of hills wakes the patriot's O Flug of my own land, Hope's bow in the air, O'er my home lot me lift thee, my altar of prayer! Many flags have the people that grand deeds

But my own Flag of faith is the pride of them

The Red Cross of England Waves free o'er the main, The dark German Eagles,

The Lions of Spain, But ever while stars For all men shall appear Our flag of all peoples

The pilgrims will cheer.

-- Herekiah Butterworth, in Youth's Com-



al childish voices cried in chorus amid a general clapping of small hands. Grandma Mabry lifted her head, and looking through her spectacles at the

eager young faces grouped about her, amiled good-naturedly. "What children you are for stories!" she said, laughing. "Don't you ever get tired of listening while I prose over those old times when I was a

child?" "No. grandma; never, never!" replied Charlie Merrill, and his companions showed by their looks that he had spoken the sentiments of the entire

Grandma was quite silent for a little while as she carefully picked up the stitches of her knitting, and the little folks were silent, too, knowing from past experience that Grandma Mabry was "thinking out" a story for thera.

Grandma's parents had moved to Kentucky when she was very young, and had settled up among the hills where the country was new and sparsev populated. She had witnessed much of the hardships and trials of pioncer life, and her fund of reminiscence was a source of the greatest delight to her little friends, who often spent evenings

at her house. "Well," said she, breaking the silence. 'I remember an adventure I had one vening when I was returning home from school, and I reckon maybe I'd as well tell you about that as anything.

There was a clapping of hands and a

ry of "Tell it, tell it." Well," began grandma, "in those days we didn't have fine brick school uildings convenient to our houses like ou have now. Our schoolhouse was a mall, rough log structure which the sottlers built, and it was in a forest almost three miles from our home.

"We had no winter term, because the roads were so bad and the distance so great that the children could not attend them, and in the summer we only had there menths school, so you see one hadn't the best opportunities for getting education. But that has noth-

ing to do with the story, I'm sure. "I had a brother who was a year could not be worse terrified than I was

short pause. "There was no road between our home and the schoolhouse, but father had marked out a course for us by blazing trees at short intervals along the way. Then he accompanied us a few times, to and fro, until he thought we were sufficiently acquainted

with the route to be trusted to go alone. "In those days school kept very nearly all day, and before we reached home it was quite dark. Our way led through a deep, dark forest, and we were very much afraid as we trudged along in the silence and gloom; and every little noise, such as the rustling of leaves or the crackling of bushes, filled us with terror.

"It's no wonder we were afraid when we knew there were bears and panthers in the forest, and expected every day to be attacked by one of those ferocious beasts. I think you would be afraid under such circum-

Grandma looked around on her audience with a smile, which deepened a little as she noticed the serious countenances before her.

"Well," she continued, "I will come to my story now, and tell you about

"One evening, as brother and I were going home through the forest, we heard a rustling and crackling among the trees up on the hillside above us, and pretty soon a large, black animal trotted into the road a few steps behind us. It was dusk, and we could not see the creature very plainly, but I was confident it was a bear, and I was assured of it when it stopped and reared upon its haunches, and began sniffing the air."

"Were you scared, grandma?" Jim Martin asked, while the whole company involuntarily drew closer to-

"Yes, I was frightened almost out of my wits," grandma replied, "and so was my brother. That bear was not a pleasant looking object, I assure you, and I suspect older people than my brother and I would have been frightened by his appearance.

"It was more than a mile to our home, and there was no other house so near, so no matter how much we called. we could not hope to bring help.

"For a moment we remained staring at the bear, and he in turn stood fixedly returning our gaze. He showed no inclination to advance upon us so long as we showed no inclination to run "When, however, we had sufficiently

ecovered from the shock caused by the bear's presence to beat a hasty retreat, bruin immediately gave chase and coming up with us followed closely in our

"You may believe we ran with all the speed we could command, and I don't believe my feet ever flew so rapidly before or since. At almost every step Isaac, my brother, sent up a deafening scream, while I gave vent to a series of hysterical shricks, thinking all the time that every step would be my last.

"I don't know how far we ran before I thought to throw away the dinner bucket, but when I did think of it I dropped it at once. When bruin came up with the bucket he stopped, and scratching the cover off began to eat the portion of our dinner that was left. That gave us a little time and Issue immediately availed himself of it to climb a tree with low-growing branches

which stood near the road. "Not knowing what else to do, I attempted to follow my brother's example, but I had never climbed trees, considering it a tom-boyish act that girls should never indulge in, and I failed in my efforts as often as I tried to ascend."

"'Oh, Isaac, Isaac,' I cried at last, 'help me, quick!'

quick, or he'll get you.' "I glanced around, and sure enough there the bear was almost upon me. I made one quick, frantic effort to climb the tree, and, failing, took to flight. Bruin gave pursuit again, and for a little while there was a lively chase between us.

"I had not gone above thirty yards when I stumbled and fell. I supposed the bear would pounce upon me at once and proceed to tear the flesh from my bones, so I made no effort to rise, but lay perfectly still, thinking of those at home, and waiting for the end. I dea't think I could have risen if I had tried. for I was terrorized out of the use of my limbs.

"Bruin came up and smelled over me, and I shut my eyes, but I felt his hot breath on my face, and though I shut him out of my sight I could not shut him out of my thoughts. He seemed to be in no hurry to devour me, for he continued to sniff me deliberately for some time, after which he rolled



IT REARED UPON ITS HAUNCHES. me over, then sniffed again for, I should

think, near a minute. "That was the most critical period of my life, and I would not again pass through the sufferings I experienced then for all the wealth of the world, 1 wonder I did not die of fright, and believe I should, had I not been half

"The bear took my arm in his mouth, and I felt his sharp teeth close down on my flesh. The terror that had held me dumb vanished, and I gave vent to a shrick that must have waked the echoes through the forest. Instantiv there was an answering cry that thrilled the blood in my veins and left

me rigid and dumb again. "The answering ery was that of a panther and it came from a tree directly overhead. The cry had scarcely ceased, when, opening my eyes for an instant, I saw the panther spring from his perch and come down right toward

older than I, and we attended school already. So far as I could see nothing together." grandma resumed after a but death law before me

"I waited, but not long. In an instant the panther had sprung to his prey. But he had not sprung on me. Bruin was between us and be received

the assault. "Immediately there succeeded a terrible fight between the two beasts. I was beneath them, still too terrified to attempt to rise, and they fought all over me. I was scratched and rolled about until I thought I should be killed

before the fight ended. "How long the battle waged I do not know, for before it was over I became unconscious. When I returned to consciousness again all was still and neither of the animals was in sight Slowly my confidence came back and at last I ventured to sit up and look about me. What had become of the bear and the panther. I wondered, and how was it that I had escaped?

"A little distance below me was precipice, and crawling to the edge of it I looked down. The moon was shining brightly and I could see to the bottom, and there on a flat stone lay two dark objects which explained everything. The bear and the punther



THE PANTHER SPRANG TO ITS PREY had gone over the precipice and were

"I had no reason to longer entertain my fears and in a little while I scram led to my feet and called Isaac. After being assured that the danger was passed Isane descended from the tree and came to me. I explained every thing to him, and when he looked down and saw the dead amimals at the bot tom of the precipice he was greatly re lieved.

Father had become uneasy about u and came in search of us, and he found us just as we were preparing to leave the place. Of course he was greatly exercised when he heard my story; and mother came near going into hysteric when she learned how narrowly I had escaped a terrible death.

"I never liked panthers, even though was saved by one; and I can tell you that after that occurrence, I neve liked going to and from school alon that dark, desolate road. Yet for year we did it, and singular as it may seem we never saw another bear or panther although once we heard a panther ery, and also heard him lashing his tai against a bough of a tree, which the do when preparing to spring."

For a little while after grandm ceased speaking no one spoke, bu finally Charlie Merrill said: "I don't think your brother acted

very brave, do you?"
"Well." replied grandma with a smile. "I didn't think so then, but I reckon it wasn't cowardice that made him leave me to take care of myself. I think, perhaps, almost any boy would have acted as he did, under the circumstances. I never thought Isaac was a coward after he went off in the army to fight Indians and sacrificed his life to save that of my husband. People

said he was very brave then." "'I can't,' he replied. 'Climb up Charlie Merrill regretted that he had misjudged Isaac, and all the young people entertained a better opinion of W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by Grandma Mabry's brother.

THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

Parting the Hair. The foreman of one of the largest barber shops in New York is authority for the statement that the number of men who part their hair in the middle is increasing every day. The fashion has grown according to this expert in the matter of dressing hair, so rapidly that it would not be out of the way to say that fully one-half the men who formerly derided this once much-condemned fashion are gradually getting around to it. "They begin," said the barber yesterday, "by parting the hair a little higher up on the head by degrees until they finally get it exactly in the center. I remember very well when it was a very rare thing for a man to part his hair directly over the nose, but all of the contempt and fun which such a proceeding evoked are now replaced by indifference as far as the public is concerned. Twenty years ago a politician who parted his hair in the middle courted disaster at the polis. Now no end of statesmen, prominent and otherwise, wear their hair in a dandified fashion and it does not even call forth a remark. The only thing that the rank and file strenuously and positively object to is a masculine bang. They won't have that at any price."-National Barber.

A Pretty Tight Squeeze. Angeline - Oh, mamma, Algernon squeezed my hand so to-night that I al-

most cried. Mamma-What, my child, from pain? Angeline-No, mamma, from joy .-Texas Siftings.

The Annual Joke. "Where are you going, my pretty, fair maid!" "I'm going to Sunday school, sir." she said.
"You are late for the lesson, my pretty, is it "I'm in time for my Christmas tree present,"

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD! TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS 999999999

The Favor me Dig mim Judge Gordon, of the Pennsylvania supreme court, was once approached by a young barrister with whom he had enjoyed friendly personal relations. The young man wanted a favor in the license court over which Judge Gordon then presided. "Judge," began the young lawyer, "I have been a good friend of yours." "Yes," answered the judge, with a look of surprise in his eyes. "I went into the convention for you," the young man continued. "Yes, know that," again answered the judge, "and I shall be happy to do any thing I can for you." "I would like a favor; I have a friend for whom I would like to get a license." "Stop!" ex-claimed Judge Gordon, sternly. "I will do you a favor by not sending you to jail. Good day." The young lawyer has not yet recovered from the shock. -Philadelphia Record.



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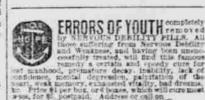
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and they won't shrink. As for the old ones, Pearline can't make them any larger, but begin with it at once and it will keep them from growing smaller. It will keep them from the wear and tear of the washboard, too.

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tions are equal to the best for fatten- E. H. Puwers. Prevs. 6. W. LANTHER V. Prevs. ing purposes A BARREL of apples or other fruit will bring a better price when the fruit has been assorted. It is a waste of bar-Ladies S3.00 Hund-sewed shoe, best imported shoes costing from \$1.00 to their management. It is a waste of barrels, as the increasing sales shoe, best Ladies Donoda, very stylish; equals freuch imported shoes costing from \$1.00 to \$0.00.
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WHEN the cattle ranges are settled beef will probably be cheaper. It requires less land to raise cattle on farms than on the range, and with better care, and the cattle industry in the hands of many instead of a few, beef will be of better quality and cattle more numer ous. The best beef is produced on cultivated farms.

STURBLE and grass may serve as a mulch over the land during the winter. but it is known that the stubble harbors and protects thousands of insects. It is better to burn the fields over after the stubble is dry than to attempt to destroy the insects in the spring. is a friend, if judiciously used, as it allows no insects to escape.

Ground Bones for Poultry.

Ground bones and cus bones are dis-ferent. A fresh, green bone cannot SURPLUS. well be ground. It may be crushed or pounded, but not easily ground. . Handmills are in use that permit of grinding bones that have become hard and ry, or have been steamed or heated, but the green bones must be pounded or cut in fine pieces with knives. There is a great difference in the value of fresh bones from the butcher and those that have been exposed until they are dry. Green bones contain quite a proportion of meat and cartilage, and are greedily eaten by all changes of fowls. -Farm and Fireside.

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